

CHAPERONING ADRIENNE



ALICE HARRIMAN-BROWNE

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To Thee,
dear Mrs Sumner,
Alice Harriman-Browne

July 17 1907



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE

A Tale of

The Yellowstone National Park

By

ALICE HARRIMAN-BROWNE

Author of

Stories of Montana, Songs o' the Sound, Etc.

With illustrations by

CHARLES M. RUSSELL

(The Cowboy Artist)

and

Photographs

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ALICE HARRIMAN-BROWNE

We were in the
Yellowstone National Park

From

To

----- 19.-----

CHAPERONING ADRIENNE

A Tale of the Yellowstone National Park

From the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis.

Mammoth Hot Springs,
Yellowstone National Park.



THAT husband of Anabella's had to come down with the measles or she never would have keyed me up to be a Machiavelli, or whoever it may be who is synonymous with craft and cruelty to lovers.

Measles, indeed! On such trivial things as measles do the really great events of life turn! Still, nothing has turned yet, and I hope that nothing will.

I know nature never intended me for a chaperon. Of course chaperons aren't always Machiavellian (or whatever I mean); but when one is nothing but a widow by predestination and remains one by free will she doesn't want her twin sister to force her into chaperoning her niece away from her . . .

As for the young man, Isabella doesn't deny but that he isn't so bad (as young men go); but she says he believes in the occult and writes poetry. It does seem too bad. He'll outgrow the occult and the poetry when he is married. His name is Randolph

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Cecil Sears; and Sears is almost as much a fetish in certain Eastern cities as Biddle is in Philadelphia. But sister wants Adrienne to marry Senator Rowley and enter the social life at Washington.

Pretty Adrienne doesn't care a rap about social position in Washington. She wants Randolph; says that their souls were one in some previous incarnation—Sears says so! She read me some of his poetry. Lieutenant Tennial used to write poetry to me, too, years ago. Ah me, years ago . . .



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I haven't seen this young man who is disturbing the serenity of my life. He was out of the city when I came to Isabella's for my annual visit. Adrienne kept me awake all hours the first night I arrived telling me of Randolph. I'm glad she can confide in me, although I should have frowned at her declaration that she never, never would give him up. But I recalled how opposition had, only too successfully, separated Lieutenant Tenniel and me when I was Adrienne's age. The old heart-pain pulsed back at Adrienne's tears.

Adrienne knows that I consented to act as chaperon through the Yellowstone National Park under compulsion. Isabella simply wouldn't let our summer's

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outing be spoiled by those horrid, pimply measles; and insisted that Senator Rowley, Adrienne and I make the trip and she and her husband follow if they could, later.

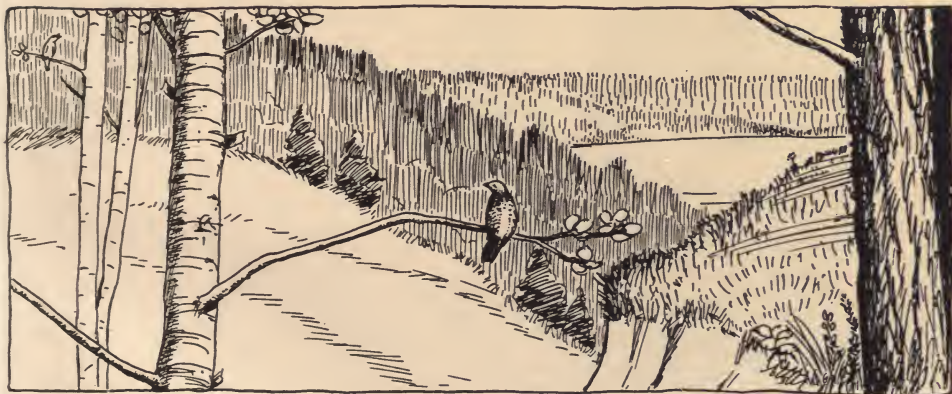
The senator is enormously wealthy; widowed three times (by death, Isabella thankfully and piously remarked); very much in love with Adrienne, and his thoughts vibrate on the same plane as Isabella's—and Browning's—so he says. Adrienne's vibrate for nobody but Randolph. However, here we are, for Isabella, dearest, most amenable person in the world, if she can have her own way, simply compelled us to leave home.



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Note in Senator Rowley's Memorandum Book.

Wire Hale about Carol county's demand. They want too much.



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From Adrienne's Diary.

Mammoth Hot Springs.

I am going to set down everything that happens while we are in the park. It will be such fun to read it over when I get to be an old, old woman. I never thought . . .

Auntie is calling me . . .



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From the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis.

Mammoth Hot Springs.

I wish that Adrienne had a picture of Randolph. I feel as though I knew him, she talks of him so much. But she doesn't treat the senator right, she really doesn't.

I have told her all about Lieutenant Tenniel.

When we left the train at Gardiner and were waiting for the coach to drive up to the platform my chiffon parasol got caught in somebody's coat sleeve. A tall, soldierly man, who was walking with a younger one, turned and gasped: "Mrs. Ellis!"

I was just telling Adrienne that the lieutenant was the only man I ever loved—and there he was! Have I said that the years have brought him his generality—no, that doesn't look right. Anyway, I mean he is a general now.

I introduced Adrienne, and was delighted to find that the senator already knew the general. Adrienne made me flush with the roguish look she gave me; and one would have thought she knew the general always, she was so confidential, right away. I turned, expecting to be introduced to the young man, but he had walked away. Adrienne and the general went after him, but came back alone and the general said he would see us, later, at the hotel.



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Adrienne looked pretty and flushed on the coach. I almost envied her. She was in high spirits and chattered of the general until the senator got quite grumpy. I think it would be better if she looked pale, *distrain*. I looked that way when my love affair was broken off. I wonder if he remembers?

When I commented on Adrienne's gait she hugged me in that pretty, impulsive way she has and said: "Auntie, dear, you needn't try to be grim! You simply can't be."

I'm much more reconciled to this outing since the general appeared on the scene. I'll have no eyes for anybody or anything if he joins our party, and he thinks that perhaps he may. But I hope Adrienne won't quite monopolize him. Oh, men are all alike. A pretty face, a young face—and where are we widows?

Let me see. Fifteen, twen—how old I feel as I count the years since we parted. I was eighteen. But the General says I don't look a day older—bless him!



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From the Diary of General Tenniel.

Mammoth Hot Springs,

Yellowstone National Park.

Age, sex or previous conditions counted for naught on the crowded railroad platform at the entrance to the Yellowstone National Park. We were as whirling atoms, with apparently as little individuality. I was pleased to meet an old friend, Anabella Ellis. She is, I now learn, a widow. I am foolish, but the sight of her made my old heart thump.

Mrs. Ellis pities those making the trip alone. Her interest in others used to be one of her charms. I wonder if she will take pity on me? She says she simply couldn't look at nature's wonders and not have anybody to talk to when things happen, like geysers. Bless her, she shall talk to me all she wants to—if she wants to.

The drive to the Hot Springs from the railroad on top of a mountain coach was exhilarating. I thought it best not to be on the same coach as Ana—Mrs. Ellis, until things had shaped themselves more to my purpose in visiting the park. In the long climb the foaming, white-sprayed, chattering Gardiner river rushes to meet one with glad abandon. The view



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widens gradually. Dimensions increase. Wide stretches of park and glade, of forest, of breadths, heights, depths, materialize—we were in a new world. The sunlight—such sunlight as is seen only in high altitudes—shimmers and breaks into a thousand glancing prisms on the rippling waters of the hot springs.

After dinner I invited the ladies for a drive around the springs and they graciously accepted my invitation.

Jupiter, the largest of the numerous terraces, has two pools of purest robin-egg blue on its summit; and, as the terrace is itself glittering white limestone, the effect is wonderfully fine.

The pools are bubbling and overflowing constantly and it is their scalding water that has made these rigid cascades; for there are strings of lime floating, long, fragile and pendulous, and the filaments harden almost instantly. The fallen timber is bleached by sun and



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storm. The wind of centuries has wrung the trunks until they look like gray blankets tightly twisted. Ancient of Days (for so has Mrs. Ellis named our driver) says that nowhere else in the park is this peculiarity to be seen.

Angel Terrace, sparkling as with hoar frost, brought out our driver's peculiar humor. Miss Adrienne asked if she would have far to walk to the Devil's Kitchen. "No furder 'n you want to," quoth Ancient of Days. "Some folks git to the devil sooner 'n others. A young man I see at the hotel 's up that way an' he 's a-walkin' yet, I reckon." We wanted to drive over the top of Jupiter Terrace. "I can't drive ye in the waggin; I kin drive ye afoot."

Something scurried past us and Adrienne cried: "A baby deer! a baby deer!" Ancient was tactless enough to tell her "That 's nothin' but a jack-rabbit!" but I would have let her think it was what she so much longs to see.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From Adrienne's Diary.

Mammoth Hot Springs.

Now I am going to sit right down to-night and begin. I have so much, already, to write. Oh, dear! There is Auntie calling me . . .





CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis.

Mammoth Hot Springs.



I've told General Tenniel the whole story. He looked at me reproachfully as I was trying to convince him that to marry the senator—for Adrienne to marry the senator—was the correct thing. I spoke of all the marriages that I could think of that had been arranged, where position counted for more than love; but somehow I didn't mention my own. I kept repeating the arguments that Isabella had driven into my head, with spikes of common sense and expediency—besides, I wanted to convince myself. But his only comment was something that sounded like "Et tu," and what on earth he means I'm sure I do not know. He had been looking so abstracted. I don't believe he even saw me. "Et tu" sounded quite irrelevant to me. And so colloquial! Et tu! Ate two—two what? I fear the general's long years on the frontier, not to speak of his brilliant campaign in the Philippines, have affected his mind. I wasn't speaking of eating! Then I let him know that my personal inclinations were with love,—love, first, last, and all the time. He brightened up, and there was no more absent-mindedness. I even went so far as to say that I wouldn't blame Randolph if he followed Adrienne to the park. The general, I fear, thought that I was too impulsive—too rash. He merely looked thoughtful and said "M-m-m!"





"I let him know my inclinations were with love
all the time."

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He promised to speak to Adrienne. He can't, in decency, make love to her, after I've asked for his moral assistance. It is much better for her to marry Dives than the prodigal son—or is that mixing two biblical incidents? Not that Randolph is a prodigal son, exactly. But my trouble is that I forget and sympathize with her; and then, *pouf*, we are exchanging confidences.

The sunset gun and the lowering of the flag at Fort Yellowstone stilled us and the gorgeous afterglow spread softly. Through its magical light walked the general and Adrienne. She with

“Her breath of life
And face aglow with the light of the sun.”

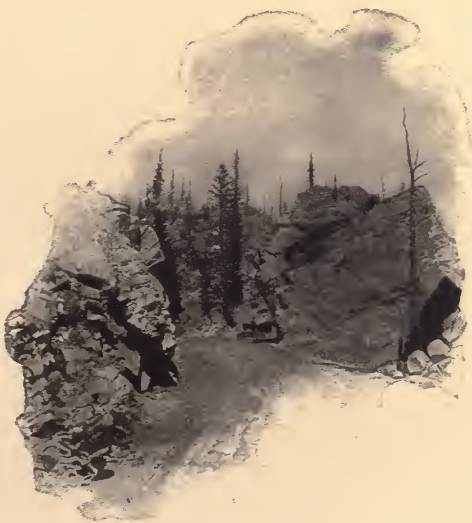
We've been here several days and I haven't seen the general's friend but once. I think it very odd. Last evening he was walking on the porch, but I didn't have my lorgnette. He seems a well set up young man, and I'd like to meet him. I like young men. But I suppose that the general thinks that he better not have Adrienne meet him.



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I called Adrienne into my room about an hour ago. I wanted her to brush my hair. I've pretty, abundant hair; and, thank heaven, it's not gray yet! She put her arms around me and her face in the hollow of my neck—that funny place where any one's breath always tickles so—and, pulling my hair like everything, she burst out: "Oh, auntie! I think that the general is just perfectly lovely. He says that—he says he'll—that is, he says that he understands your position; that you feel that you must do your duty. He says that he'll do his duty, too, as he sees it. Isn't he splendid?"

The dear man! But—can it be possible that he does not believe in love any more? If he does would he advise marriage with the senator? Of course she didn't say he said so; but probably he did. Poor young Sears! Not even the general, who knows that experience is sympathetic. Has the general forgotten our love, and the poetry that he sent me? I'll write it here—just for old times' sake:



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.



The god of love came by!
The god of love came by!
He looked on me—Oh, happy hour!
An arrow swift can fly.

The god of love came by!
The god of love came by!
My heart was pierced, O joy, O pain!
Love is to laugh and cry!

The god of love came by!
The god of love came by!
Now welcome life—now welcome death,
For love, sweet love, have I!

CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

*Extract from Senator Rowley's Memorandum
Book.*

Wired Hale \$5000. Must hurry up this matter.
Likely to lose Carol county.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis.

Mammoth Hot Springs.

That young man has apparently decided not to make the tour of the park, for I do not see him any more. There is a young lady here whom the general asks me to chaperon. Somebody whom he once knew, or knew her mother, or something idiotic. It is too provoking. Just as though I did not have trouble enough chaperoning Adrienne. She is with the general the most of the time, and I, for one, would not blame the senator if he left the party and gave up all hope of securing Adrienne for wife number four. But he is cheerful and accepts the new-comer far more graciously than I fear I ever can. In fact, he confided to me that it would leave him wholly free to win Adrienne, and he even went so far as to sketch the coach arrangement—we start from here to-morrow.

Why do men always have to illustrate with a paper and pencil? Talk to a man three minutes and he'll be drawing a plan of the subject talked about, on the back of an old envelope! It irritates me! He placed us thus in his diagram:

Adrienne and I (Rowley) on the front seat (he has so much egotism).

Tenniel and the other girl, middle seat (I hate both men).



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Mrs. Ellis, back seat, chaperon. (That is insufferable).

Oh, yes! That is very nice—except for poor little me! I wonder who this person is that is traveling alone, unchaperoned? I will go now and ask the general. I shall tell him very plainly that I do not approve



The general has a peculiar masterfulness that comes. I fancy, from long dominance over men. He took me to a quiet corner of the verandah; but I was reserved. But he has such a way!

I wish I could analyze the reasons why the holding of a person's hand puts one so *en rapport* with a narrator. And he has such strong, firm, dear hands.

I recall, but vaguely, all that he said. I drifted back to the time when he used to hold my hands . . .

I came to the present with a start as he was saying:

"And so, my dear Ana—Mrs. Ellis, as her parents are dead; as she won't have a maid; as she's feeling dreadfully over her blighted love affair, I felt that the conventions could be preserved if she might travel under your gentle chaperonage. "I admit," he hastened to add, "I've not told Rowley all this. I preferred to leave it with your kind heart."

I promised to do all in my power to make the girl



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happy. I asked him when she came into the park, but he didn't hear me, I fancy, for he just pressed my hands with a smile.

"What is her name?" I asked, as he went to bring her to be introduced.

"Her name? Her name is—er—Siggins—Miss Siggins. Just for a moment, I couldn't think what to call her."

How age does show in little things like lack of memory.

I never acknowledge it; but I forget names, too, at times. But I lo—ike him too well to call attention to his failing.

Just then the senator and Adrienne came up. He has broken his glasses—he is dreadfully near-sighted, and practically blind without them. But he has wired for others and insists that he can get along until the new ones overtake us.

Miss Siggins is not a girlish sort of a person. She had on her sunbonnet as she came on the porch with the general. Adrienne and I have sunbonnets, too; but we don't wear them all the time. My heart went out to the embarrassed girl. She is painfully shy. I felt the divinity of motherhood at once. I saw Adrienne's shoulders shake. I whispered, hastily,



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"For heaven's sake, Adrienne, don't let Miss Siggins see that you pity her!" Then, to offset my niece's thoughtlessness, I welcomed the newcomer more cordially than is my wont with strangers. But her skirt hung ever so little below her leather belt.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From Senator Rowley's Memorandum Book.

Damn the luck! Broke glasses. Wired to Chicago for duplicate. Carol county safe.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis.

The Fountain.

We did not get away from the Springs until today. I was sorry to leave. The gentlemen knew everybody at Fort Yellowstone, and Adrienne had more attention than was good for her. The senator got quite thoughtful at times; and, then, always came to me for solace. And I am sure that Miss Siggins was jealous of Adrienne, and perhaps of me, too. But she should remember that Adrienne is pretty—and young. I'm sure Miss Siggins looks over thirty. While thirty is permissible in a widow—but there, I'm not one to think invidiously. As for myself, I had to remind myself, several times a day, that I was a chaperon and not a debutante. A widow who knows how, can command her slaves in serried ranks. My! that sounds like Childe Harold, or Smart Set, or something.

I've never thought to ask the general where Miss Siggins' home is. She is not graceful. She tripped over her skirt twice as she was getting into the coach. I tried to make her feel at ease, and I think I succeeded; for after a time the anxious, half-frightened look left her face and she even smiled at some sally of the senator's. She's got perfect teeth, I can conscientiously say that much in her favor. And such thick hair! I noticed that she had burned her fore-



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head—how foolish to use a curling iron. But I suppose that she has to, because one can see that it is short in front. That makes me think, I've not seen her without her sunbonnet, yet. Odd.

The general devotes himself to Miss Siggins and to me, and so the senator is given all opportunity to address himself to Adrienne—who takes it badly. On the long ride here, of course, I chattered a great deal—I just love to talk; but I don't believe Miss Siggins said one word until noon. When we went in to lunch at the Norris lunch station the senator was in high spirits. He whispered to me, in a perfectly audible whisper, "I'm getting on!" and Miss Siggins, who was walking directly in front of me, turned just then, so abruptly that she nearly upset me. She scowled at the senator dreadfully. I'm sure, she needn't think that the senator is going to make love to her. She lacks repose. And oh, she is dreadfully flat-chested. Her shirt waists set exactly as the waists of some Boston school teachers who are touring the park—the fullness behind. I ache to puff them out in front and to pull them down in the back—Miss Siggins' shirt waists, I mean—but somehow, I'm a little afraid of her. She is very stand-off-ish.

The senator was asked today, by some person of an inquiring turn of mind, if any petrefactions had ever been seen in the park. "Oh, yes," he answered, readily, "there are those Boston school-ma'ams!"



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Extract from General Tenniel's Diary.

The Fountain.

Adrienne asked Ancient of Days what we should see at the Lower Basin. With a touch of awe in his merry blue eyes he waved a comprehensive hand toward the uncanny vista, drawing near as we sped along drawn by splendid horses. "Ye'll find hell there!" I thought the sentence unnecessarily emphatic; but after I had been over the shaky crust between the lunch station and minute man geyser, I wasn't sure but I should so describe it myself.

So much to see; so few words to describe it all! We had not turned from the main road into the smaller one leading to the picturesque stopping place before we heard the sound of a saw-mill in active operation. The illusion is perfect; yet the noise came from a small rent in a rocky bank. Near by, in a hole, unthinkable deep, was water boiling furiously, thick with sulphur. Clouds of steam, spurting jets of water rising, falling, disappearing, were to be seen wherever we looked.

It is said that the Upper Basin has more impressive geysers than we saw at the Lower Basin; but it seems impossible that anything could equal in horror the devilish ferocity of the venthole whose emitted steam howls, hisses, bellows, like demons tortured. No water:



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the fire below is too hot, and scalding clouds of steam come belching from—where?

The Black Growler, a geyser shooting from a petrified tree stump, ceased its flow when this other broke out a few years ago. We looked into the old tree, hollowed by the long action of the spouting water, and could see the muttering water far in its depths.

I was glad to feel Mrs. Ellis clinging to me in desperate fear. I wish that she would cling to me for the rest of life. Not in fear, but as her natural protector. She has changed but little; and, indeed, I can see that her old love for admiration is as strong as ever. Certain indications make me think that she, and not Adrienne, is the greater attraction for the taciturn senator. But Anabel—Mrs. Ellis—carries herself with the greatest aplomb, and keeps us all—me, especially, guessing.

During the long drive of the afternoon we passed Roaring Mountain, Obsidian Cliff (which the senator explained meant black glass! It reminded me of a man who once thought necessary to tell me that Aurora Borealis meant Northern Lights!), and three miniature



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

lakes whose coloring no man can explain, strung closely as they are on a slender thread of sunburned grass. One was beryl, another palest turquoise, and the last red brown. Appolinaris spring came next, and while we walked up the steep hillside to it, Adrienne and Miss Siggins stayed in the coach. Adrienne's sunbonnet seems to make her modest, infrequent glances seem intended but for one,—the one who chances to be peering into its gingham depths.

Long before we reached the Fountain Hotel we could see it, and as we drove up the Fountain geyser welcomed us with a shower of opals and dew-spangled cobwebs—the setting sun serving admirably as a background for the display.

Here in this natural meadow and close pressing forest, dwelt Johnny Bear and his mother Grumpy. Here did Ernest Thompson-Seton lie concealed in the garbage to watch the bears, and Adrienne begged to do the same. She was sure that she would see "Johnny," "whose whole appearance suggested dyspepsia."

Away she flew to the pile of tin cans, before we had hardly pulled up in front of the hotel, and Miss Siggins after her. (I hope that Mrs. Ellis will never know that Ancient of Days rejoices in the name of Siggins!)



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

We older people followed more sedately to the edge of the forest and there, to Adrienne's great joy, were four bears feeding. With no fear of ptomaine poisoning they ate from jam pots, peach, bean, lobster and tomato cans, and a fifth bear came shambling down the slope even as did the grizzly when little Johnny set up a whine and got behind his mother. Indeed, it was a pretty sight and we enjoyed Adri-



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

enne's ecstacies. I noticed that the horses grazed near, undisturbed by the bears' proximity. This was strange to me, who, from years on the frontier, have come to know that horses are particularly afraid of bears, and scent their odor from afar. Yet here they were, like the lion and the lamb. Civilization is degenerating to both man and beast. I said this to Rowley and he nodded gloomily and stalked from the bears' banqueting hall to that of his kind, for Adrienne had elected to walk with me.

Every day that we travel away from ordinary existence and its cares we realize that "every day is the world made new." Worries seem immaterial as we breathe this rarified air, and look on the wide perspective of these uplands of the earth. I could almost make myself believe that I could win dear Anabella during this trip; but I know that is folly. An old, worn-out army man with no millions to give her . . .

But her vivacious delight in what each hour brings gives zest to our enjoyment and her happiness increases mine. She is but Adrienne grown a little older, and Adrienne is certainly the prettiest girl in all the world and I do not wonder that rogue Cupid has ensnared all men's hearts in his lariat; for Cupid, in the west, is a cowboy, with rope coiled for its flight, rather than the traditional Cupid with the Forest-of-Arden arrows.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From Adrienne's Diary.

The Fountain.

This afternoon Auntie and I went into the woods. When we turned toward the hotel the trail was dim—in fact, there wasn't any. We were so scared. I wished that Randolph was with me. By and by I saw a baby bear up a tree; and directly we heard most blood-curdling noises near us. Auntie got as pale as death and whispered: "The mother bear." It was, I knew it was! Oh, how we ran. But those horrid noises kept right on; loud, soft, whistling and grunting all at once. Then the underbrush crackled; we screamed, brush broke sharply, a form straightened up—and there was Ancient of Days! I could have killed him for frightening us so! He, it seems, had gone out for a stroll, and, watching some chipmunks, fell asleep. His snores we mistook for bears' growls. It was too mortifying.

The men of our party had heard the screams and came running to our rescue. The general was devoted to auntie. It was delightful. And the way Miss Siggins gave fits to the driver was something astounding. I'll warrant that he was astonished.

I had the loveliest poetry tucked into my hand to-night. I'll copy it here, but Auntie must never see this diary. I think it is the loveliest poem I ever read. Bliss Carmen or Clinton Scollard or—Ella Wilcox do not compare . . .



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

DREAMING OF YOU.

A sea-gull drifting o'er me,
Beneath, the waves—deep blue;
Yet I close my eyes, oh, gladly,
To dream of you.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of you, of you;
Thrilling with bliss at the thought of your kiss
Dreaming, sweetheart of you.

A gorge in snow-capped mountains,
A torrent rushing through;
Yet I close my eyes, oh, gladly,
To dream of you.

Dreaming, dreaming, dreaming of you, of you;
Thrilling with bliss at the thought of your kiss,
Dreaming, sweetheart, of you.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Extract from the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis.

The Fountain Hotel.

The general is like a boy. Dignity is cast aside; and I almost believe, at times, that my olden lover is mine once more. But he occasionally looks wistfully (I imagine), at Adrienne, as though he envied the senator his semi-accepted state. If he should fall in love with her (and how can he help it, she is so pretty and vivacious?) my heart would break. I simply couldn't bear it—he my nephew-in-law!

It's hard to see the young growing up. Men al-



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.



ways want young wives. We widows of fo—we widows are all very well to flirt with, but when it comes to marrying . . .

Oh, well! I had my opportunity once, and it was taken from me by expediency! I wish that I could put expediency out of the way for Adrienne and let her marry the one she loves. The general is even a better *parti* than the senator. I must chaperon Adrienne very closely.

How I ramble! I started to write that the general made us laugh by throwing himself on the ground under the shade of some pines, after lunch, and declaring that he felt equal to a handspring. The tourists stared

CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.



and Miss Siggins said "So could I!" I never encourage hoydens; nor do I approve of athletics for ladies. Adrienne differs from me in this; but I'm thankful that golf and heavy soled shoes have not changed her form. If one has a figure—keep it, say I! But a Miss Siggins may go in for athletics to her heart's content. It can't ruin what never was. Somehow that reminds me that she wore her sunbonnet in to lunch. I wanted to change my waist and be fresh and dainty, but no suit-case but Miss Siggins' showed up. I noticed that it was covered with foreign hotel and steamer pasters. So she must have traveled. I hate a new suit-case. The initials were R. C. S., and I asked Adrienne what she supposed her given name was. She said Randolph, and then looked so frightened and got so scarlet that I quite pitied her. I assured her that I understood, perfectly, how her thoughts were always of Randolph. Then I confessed that when I was her age that General Tenniel's name was often on my lips, just for the pleasure of repeating it. She was grateful for my ready intuition, and said that I was the dearest Auntie in the whole world. Then she added, slyly: "And do you say the general's name now, Auntie, 'just for the pleasure of it?'" I tried to box her ears, the rogue; but she ran away laughing.

Adrienne has taken such a fancy to Miss Siggins.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

They've told each other their love affairs. Isn't that just like girls—confidential right away. I wish that Miss Siggins would confide in me. I'd give her the benefit of my own experience. But I don't want to be officious. Adrienne says that she's going to do everything in her power to make Miss Siggins happy while she's with us, and she feels that in listening to another's sorrows she quite forgets her own. I think that is beautiful, and shows such a Christian spirit. So the girls sat in the back seat of the coach when we left the Norris Basin, and I saw Miss Siggins surreptitiously holding Adrienne's hand. The dear lonely child! I could have kissed them both! Girls are often drawn together like that by the laws of—I don't know exactly what; but Isabella would know if she were here. She'd appreciate the situation. Perhaps she'd think that Adrienne was neglecting the senator for Miss Siggins, and I rather feel that way myself. So I've put myself out to be most agreeable to him, and I flatter myself that I succeeded. In fact, I'm afraid that I rather overdid it, for he seemed quite forgetful of Adrienne, and grew more and more animated and—interesting. Men are so odd.

The general took us through the tall, slim lodge-pole pines this morning, explaining the Indian sign language. It must have been interesting to live on the plains when Indians and buffalo, game and solitude were plenty; but he seems to think that recollections are the better.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Adrienne, ever alert, saw a bear. Fifty feet up a tree it was, big and black and shining. Perhaps it was Grumpy. The bear looked tolerantly at us while we took her picture, and even signified friendliness by wig-wagging one paw lazily—to drive off flies, Miss Siggins unpoetically said. There was no attempt at hypnotic influence on our part—or on the bear's; but when she started to descend from her tree, we walked as from the presence of royalty, backward, until out of the woods!

While out in the edge of the woods we saw a little animal that reminded the general of early days in Montana. A party of officers went, late one afternoon, he said, to shoot ducks in a slough near the fort where he was then stationed. As their striker picked up bird after bird he would shout excitedly: "I've got one!" "Here's another!" "An' begobs, here's another!" until, stooping in the fading light, he picked up what he supposed to be quite the largest duck winged. His shouts of delight and admiration changed suddenly to yells of disaster and fright. No need to inquire the cause! He held a live and indignant skunk!



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Extract from the Diary of General Tenniel.

Old Faithful Inn, Upper Basin.

"Now, my lady," said the man at the desk (a genial, world-without-end-hotel clerk) almost before we had registered, "Old Faithful has been waitin' for you; and I've held back the Castle geyser exactly three days and four minutes."

Such a welcome made its impression, of course, and we sallied forth to see the grand old geyser play.

Old Faithful! That majestic geyser greeted us gloriously. It never fails, no matter how others sulk and delay. Every sixty-three minutes its fairy-airy, tall and spraying column rises, and the breeze sways it lightly, shattering it into lacy, fragile plumes and ethereal mist. Fascinating, dreamlike, is this shaft



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

whose advent is heralded by sudden rushes and short uplifts of sounding, splashing, boiling water. Steadily, forcefully, resistlessly, the majestic pillar rises, up, up, up, until one's neck is cranned far back to view its height. Gradually it subsides, and you give thanks that you have lived to see its glory.

The nine mile drive from the Fountain to the Upper Basin has almost a plethora of interests. The Gibbon river, canyon and falls, and many springs of many hues and incalculable depths vied with Prismalake—iridescent as the inside of a sea-shell, and Morning Glory pool. This last rivals its namesake in color, while its fluted and trumpet-shaped corolla heightened the similarity. To my mind its intense and shaded blue is the most beautiful thing that we have yet seen.

At a cold spring (most of the springs along the road are hot or lukewarm) Ancient of Days, on being offered a dipper of water said gallantly: "Water the ladies, first," and he glanced sheepishly at the fair ladies adorning our coach. Perhaps I've not mentioned that we call our driver that name because he is a nice, open-faced lad of twenty-two.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis.

Old Faithful.

The clerk asked if we three ladies would occupy the same apartment for one night. I was mortified the way our girls behaved. Adrienne spoke up, quickly: "Of course not!" and Miss Siggins chimed, "What are you thinking of!" I'm sure the clerk couldn't help it that those Boston teachers were in such numbers. I was about to insist that the clerk make such arrangements as seemed necessary; but the general said he'd arrange that. I suppose he paid extra for we each have our separate rooms.



The days go by on butterfly wings of yellow sunlight. I haven't an atom of curiosity; but I'd like to know what my girls talk about as they walk and walk. Miss Siggins is such a silent person that I suppose that Adrienne chatters and she listens. It is an interesting sight. Isabella would just love to see them together. Adrienne thinks only of making Miss Siggins happy and it is delightful to see her invent little excuses to be with her. In the meantime the onus of entertaining two very agreeable gentlemen falls on me and I must say that they do not seem bored—neither am I. But the general glowers if the senator sits too long beside me; and the senator fidgets when I walk with the general. The senator's





manner toward Adrienne grows more friendly and less loverlike every day. Isabella would be furious. But what can I do? What am I to think? What is one to think? I told Isabella that I wouldn't make a good chaperon.

During the afternoon the Castle, whose irruptions occur every ten or twelve hours, poured out its fury for nearly an hour. It was terrifying! What can it be, behind and underneath? The thrill of agonized struggle to escape was felt by even the globe-trotters who "Didn't think much of the park, anyway. It's over-rated, don't you know?" The general stood watching the writhing clouds of steam, with head uncovered, as though the flag were passing by; and the senator attempted to put his arm around Adrienne's waist—purely as a precaution, he explained, in case anything happened. Miss Siggins was holding my niece's hand, and Adrienne drew away from the senator hastily. I was clinging to the general.

We haven't, so far, seen any of the more infrequent geysers play. They are as uncertain as an April day; but the various cones and pits from whence the boiling water occasionally spouts are to be seen in



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.



every direction, and steam is constantly rising. On cool mornings the whole Basin is wrapped in mist.

Every evening we go to the malodorous garbage pile to watch the bears eat. Some nights there are no bears. Last night, after a prolonged wait, we walked through the cool dark toward the cheerful blaze of the office fire, and a supposed tree-stump evolved itself into the form and likeness of a black bear. He made for the outspread tidbits—and we for the hotel. Perhaps he wasn't scared. We were.

Some of the sight-seers found a bleached elk horn today and it caused much excitement. "What makes it so white?" "What makes it have prongs?" "Why, it's an antler's horns!" are some of the remarks we've heard. "These antler's horns are ossified!" shrieked one male school ma'am. Miss Siggins choked suddenly. The general asked solicitously if she had an ossified bone in her throat! The horns were finally impartially divided among the personally conducted as souvenirs of the park.

We have never learned why soap put in the geyser craters will cause great and wonderful outbursts for hours, and then for months and years there'll be no action. There's a heavy fine for putting soft



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soap in the craters, as several of the best geysers have been destroyed by such vandalism. I asked the senator, today, if he had found out the reason; but he was the most ignorant of our party, so he said, absently; for he was devoting himself assiduously to the study of light and shade, of happy, upcurved lips and Adrienne's girlish face framed in the depths of her light-blue sunbonnet.

It is long past mid-night; but Adrienne suggested that we view Old Faithful in the stillness. Miss Siggins declined to join us, so the general and I chaperoned the senator and Adrienne. As we turned away from the dying geyser I noticed that same young man whom I saw at the springs. I am sure it was he although I understood that he had decided not to make the tour. He was sitting on a fallen tree trunk near the geyser, and his cigar was a good one, if one judges by the odor. The general didn't see him, evidently, and, as he was recalling some passages of our youth I didn't interrupt him.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Extract from General Tenniel's Diary.

Old Faithful Inn.



Midnight, and the great dome of heaven glitters with limitless lines of stars. We took our way toward the sky-reaching majesty of Old Faithful, who seems to be

“Holding a human heart that sleeps,
Wild with rushing dreams and deep with the
sadness

That dwells at the core of all things.”

Then came the rush of the waters and Old Faithful appeared, a ghost of himself. “He, watching over Israel, slumbers not nor sleeps.” Summer’s heat nor winter’s loneliness changes him not, and his steadfastness steadied nerves somewhat shaken by the weirdness and unstableness of this geyser land.

The silence, the night, the mysteries of the earth, lay heavy upon us. I spoke of our youth to Anabella and she responded in so dear a mood that an hour went by most pleasantly. I begin to hope—



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Before we reached the hotel a flare of light came from the North, and a great white glory, touched with crimson and yellow, pink and saffron, showed that the Giantess, overdue five days, had arrived in barbaric magnificence, and was being welcomed, as was her due, with a huge bonfire built by park soldier guards. St. John endeavored to depict the riches of the New Jerusalem. The jeweled radiance of the night, and of my darling's eyes, must remain unworded. God bless my Anabella!



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis.

Still at the Inn.

This morning Adrienne capped the climax of her incessant questioning by asking, at the breakfast table, why bears have joints in their legs. Absurd answers were given. She declares that she meant to ask why bears have two joints in their fore legs, and has assumed an aggrieved air which is rather becoming. Miss Siggins, who, by the way, rarely favors us with her company at meals, also looks aggrieved; but it is not becoming. She sits on stumps and intently looks at nothing. Poor thing! I hope she doesn't feel *de trop*. I must insist that she stay with me more.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

I've heard a new story about the manager. Once, he went out to show some tourists the bears' feeding place. They had, it seems, been there before their visitors, and had strewn the rubbish far and wide. The man was vexed. "Those bears have been raising hell around here!" he exclaimed. The next night his small daughter was doing the honors of the menagerie. "Those bears have been raising hell around here!" she innocently explained, to the guests' consternation. He no longer explodes—when little daughter is within hearing!

I've discovered why Miss Siggins has acted so oddly today. Poor, dear girl! She's afflicted almost beyond mortal or angel resignation! I've mistrusted something of this sort for several days, although my eyes are oftener turned toward the general than otherwise. But this afternoon I spied Miss Siggins going out with a thick veil over her sunbonnet, and I followed; for, if she'd been crying and was ashamed of her red eyelids, I wanted to sympathize—and find out what was the matter. The very slope of her shoulders signified despair, and we walked in silence for a time. I finally asked her, in as delicate a way as I could, what was troubling her. I told her to open her heart to me,—a girl's friend, if ever there was one.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

With desperation she finally broke her silence. I suppose that we who have no such thing to confess cannot conceive what moral courage it required. "I've lost my razor!" she cried. Not even Bernhardt could put more tragedy into four words. I felt the tears come. Poor, poor girl! To have to confess that she has to use one! Could one reach lower depths of mortification? I pressed her hand tenderly, and whispered, for I felt that not even the breezes must know this blighting secret: "I'll see if I can't borrow the general's for you." She whispered back: "He doesn't shave himself!" and I was so upset over her predicament that I didn't think, at the time, how odd it was that she should know.

I suggested electrolysis. "Not for worlds!" she cried, and, somehow, I felt that I'd better say no more. But we walked for quite a time—reluctantly, I thought, on Miss Siggins' part. As we neared the hotel I begged and received permission to fasten her skirt. "Why," I exclaimed, before I thought, as I put my fingers inside the skirt belt, "dont you wear ——" "No, I don't!" she snapped. "I tried 'em, but I just couldn't stand for 'em." And even through



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her veil I could see that she colored. But really—

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Miss Siggins has found her razor. I'm so glad for her. She has a fine skin—when she's shaved. I do hope that Adrienne hasn't noticed. But even if she had she's too sensitive to mention it—even to me. Miss Siggins kissed my hand this morning. She appreciates my ignoring her misfortune. I'm getting quite fond of her, though I have begun to wonder if she can be one of these dreadful "new women" that they talk about, who smoke cigarettes, for once or twice I've been almost certain that I smelled smoke about her clothing. Well! if she does I suppose I haven't the right to interfere so long as she confines their use to the privacy of her own apartment; but I do hope Adrienne won't think I countenance such things. And I do wish she wouldn't use such outrageous slang. I consider it very improper for young ladies; but Adrienne doesn't seem as shocked as I could wish. Ah, well, our outing will soon be over and Adrienne will be removed from her influence—whatever it may be.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Extract from the Diary of General Tennial.

The Lake Hotel.

Our ride over the continental divide, from the Upper Basin to the Yellowstone lake, was very pleasant. We beguiled the way with story telling, and I noticed the absolute cleanliness of the park. The devastation caused by past forest fires is heart-breaking, and the fallen timber is remarkable in its confused profusion.

When we were on the summit of the divide, 8,336 feet above the ocean, the senator was moved to tell an amusing story. In Alaskan waters, a woman asked: "How high above the sea level are we, now that we're so far north?" That reminded me of the lady from the Hub who said that it was not remark-



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

able that the sun had not set at Juneau at half past nine, for, after all, it was only half past six in Boston.

Ancient of Days showed his skill in guiding galloping horses down the famous Cork-screw hill, after the height of land was passed,—a terror to the timid. Mrs. Ellis got quite frightened and I held her in. The work of the government can't be too highly commended, on these mountain roads. No side hills, no ruts. Smooth, even, wide,—it is a pleasure to travel over the park roads.

Where the road first skirts the Yellowstone lake there are some interesting Paint Pots whose *mode*-colored mud blubs and flops like hasty pudding. The senator remarked on their slow action, and said that some of the springs and geysers that we've seen reminded him of what the Honorable Frank Cushman said of his famous Insurgent speech in Congress: "It came right off the front end of the cook-stove!"

The senator had quite an unpleasant experience at the Paint Pots. We were alone, and, as he is still without his glasses, he inadvertently stepped too near one of the cauldrons and slipped. He was a sight when he scrambled back to terra firma. He wouldn't go back to the lunch station, so we went down to the shore of the lake, and I wet my handkerchief and rubbed where he couldn't and he rubbed where he could. We walked until he was dry.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis

The Lake.

We came by steamer from the Thumb of the lake, and stopped at the island to see the buffalo and—

Adrienne interrupted me to ask if she and Miss Siggins might dance with others in the dining room. I went down with her, of course.

They were still waltzing when General Tennial came in and sat beside me. When the girls came up he cavalierly ordered them to go and enjoy themselves, and give him a chance. He said he'd not had an opportunity to speak with me for days—which was gross exaggeration.

Then, to be pleasant, he immediately asked me where the senator was. He said it was quite a rarity not to find him close at my side. I didn't know where he was! All I know is that he got dreadfully put out because—well, on account of something I stopped his saying, on the steamer, and he wouldn't speak at dinner. He must remember that I am chaperoning Adrienne, and not be too precipitate in his transfer of affections. The general has been so like a bear for a day or two that I was too lonely for anything, and I confess to you, dear diary, that I shed a few tears on your pages.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Then he referred most unkindly to "my well-known proclivities," and wanted to know if I couldn't let anybody alone! He was horrid. Then he volunteered the information that he had seen the senator prowling in the vicinity of the tall timber. Well, I didn't ask him to take to the woods!

Somehow it all put me in good humor, and I exerted myself to make the general feel as amiable as I. It was not long before he proposed that we take a little stroll on the porch. We were crossing the office when the outside door flew open and the senator, tripping his toe on the sill in his haste, fell headlong on the floor. It was spectacular.

"A bear!" he gasped, "A grizzly!"

Such confusion. No one shut the door and something followed the senator. Adrienne shrieked:

"IT'S A CALF!"

Poor, little, innocent, bewildered calf! It had no intention of frightening a crowd of people into hysterics; it simply wanted its supper. It was, as we learned, after the men had climbed down from desks, tables and chairs, and after the ladies had been restored to their feet and senses, a pet of one of the stablemen—its mother having died when it was yet, as one might say, an infant in arms.

The man had forgotten to feed or fasten it in the



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.



stable when night came, and the little, cold nose had been thrust expectantly into the senator's hand as he passed it in the dark.

I'm too tired with laughing to write more. But Adrienne declares that never, never, will she marry the senator. Marry a man afraid of a three weeks' calf? I tried to point out to her that he couldn't see that the appalling thing that loomed up before him in the night, and bawled for its supper, was a calf and not a grizzly—but it's useless. What I'll say to Isabella I'm sure I don't know. She'll blame me, that's certain! Perhaps she'll even think that I got that stableman to—a thought comes! What was the general doing out by the barns when he saw the senator stalking by? If he—

But oh! how his heart beat as he held me close when the calf ambled into the office. And I don't think that its accelerated throbs were due to fear. He never had me in his arms before!





CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Diary of Mrs. Ellis continued.

The Lake.

This morning we had the first newspapers that we've seen since entering the Park. Adrienne opened another daily (we had a three weeks accumulation), threw it down, and fled from the room. The general took the discarded paper up hurriedly and sped after Adrienne. I distinctly heard him say, "Those damned reporters," and I got so frightened that I nearly died. What if Isabella's husband had succumbed to the measles? Yet I knew better, at once, for Isabella would have wired. So there was nothing to do but to follow them.

Adrienne was crying miserably when we found her.

"Oh. Auntie," she began, "mother'll see that! Oh. what shall we do? I never thought anyone would find out!"

"For mercy's sake, Adrienne," I said, "What have you read that scares you so?"

Then the general thought to show me the paper.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. RANDOLPH CECIL SEARS FROM MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

was sprawled in the biggest kind of type on the first page.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

It was terrible! To think that dear young fellow should disappear like that! No wonder that Adrienne was heart-broken! But why did she turn to General Tenniel in her woe, instead of to her aunt? All of a sudden it dawned upon me where he was supposed to have disappeared.

"Adrienne!" I exclaimed, "was that young man whom we saw with the general, at Gardiner, Randolph Sears?"

"Yes," she whimpered.

"And he came to Mammoth Hot Springs?"

"Yes."

"Didn't you know that he followed us to Old Faithful Inn?"

"Yes," she admitted reluctantly. "How did you know?"

"I'm not as blind as I look," I told her severely. "I saw him smoking a cigar the night we went out to watch Old Faithful."

"He didn't exactly follow us, Auntie," she then said. "You see—"

"Don't quibble, please! He was there! You admit that! And now he's lost!" A perfect flash of intuition came over me. "Adrienne! You know where he is now!"

"Y-e-s. Don't you?" She smiled faintly, and the general looked puzzled.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

"No, I don't," I snapped. I was vexed. Did she think that I was a mind reader? "If he's effaced himself for a time to make a sensation, and to create a favorable sentiment with your mother when she reads this newspaper article he's mistaken in your mother!

Do you think he's dead?" I finally asked.

"Oh, no!" cried Adrienne and the general with one voice.

Adrienne flung her arms around me and began sobbing again.

"Oh, Auntie Anabella, let me tell you! I've felt so guilty all the time! Don't you understand?"

"Now, don't tell me another word, dearie," I commanded. "If you and the general have connived and have plotted with Randolph to lose himself, trying to move your mother's firm determination that you shall not marry him, I'm not going to interfere." I sighed and looked at the general. "I've been interfered with myself," said I. "Of course you've done very wrong, and I do hope that Mr. Sears is comfortable, wherever he is hiding, and I hope a geyser won't blow him up; but I simply don't want to know anything definite."



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

So it was agreed. I could meet Isabella with a clear conscience, the general said. And he added, "You little Innocence!" which used to be his sweetheart name for me. My heart was too light. I didn't care where Adrienne's lover was, for perhaps my own was seeking me.

"But where is he?" I asked about an hour later, and they laughed at me, so. But it just came over me that I'd like to know.

But all this excitement was trying, and I thought it would be good for Adrienne to take a walk, after dinner. I had a wretched headache and the girls went together. I cautioned them about disturbing immature veal.

Oh, what is that?

A shriek——Adrie——

(Later.)

They tell me that Miss Siggins will live and not be crippled for life. Fortunately the ripping claws did not strike her face.

Thank God that Adrienne was not hurt!



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From Mrs. Ellis' Diary—Continued.

The Lake.

My nerves are in a state approximating calm. When I flew to my window that night I saw a group of men approaching the hotel, carrying—something. I ran to the office (I don't know how I had the strength), and met them bringing in Miss Siggins, dress and waist much torn, and blood over everything. But, after all, although I know now that I saw Miss Siggins, at the time I saw only Adrienne, dead, as I thought, for men were carrying her. I fainted as I tried to reach Adrienne's side. But her dear face was bending over me when I recovered consciousness, and Miss Siggins had been cared for by a surgeon and a trained nurse who chanced to be among the tourists.

When I read this diary over, in the years to come, I'm sure that Adrienne's presence of mind and her absolute lack of thought for self preservation will shine brighter and brighter. And for a stranger, so to speak. I don't think I could have stood and clubbed an infuriated bear with my furled parasol when at any moment it might have turned to rend me. I acknowledge this; but my cowardice but makes Adrienne's deed the more meritorious. I say cowardice; but when I think of how I would have felt if it had



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been the general who was in such terrible danger and I standing by, I almost know that I would have done the same as Adrienne. I'd have sprung at that bear with my whole strength—to save the general!

The bear, poor thing, wasn't so much to blame, after all, and I hear that Miss Siggins' first thought was, after she knew that Adrienne was safe, that no one should think that she blamed the bear. She was glad, and so were we, when the park guards captured the fools who had been stoning the bear's cubs that afternoon (which is strictly against park regulations; but when was there ever a time when breakers of the law didn't think it "cute" to do that which is forbidden?), and they are already sentenced to a heavy fine and imprisonment. The bear could not distinguish between friend and foe. How could she tell that Miss Siggins and Adrienne were not the brutes who had tormented her babies?

Oh, such a night! Everyone was so kind. But Miss Siggins won't let me come near her (I suppose that she's afraid that my sympathetic nature will be overcome). And the general won't let me see the surgeon or the nurse. He says that they might tell me more than I really ought to know. He, too, wishes to spare me—dear fellow!



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

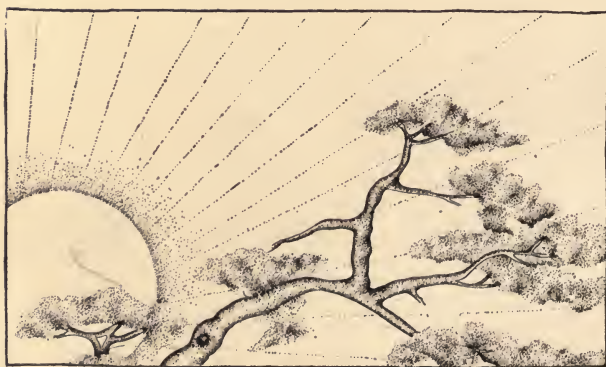
I was interrupted by a note from the senator. He asked me for a few minutes conversation. I sent him word that I'd be in the parlor, and immediately went down. I had hoped that the real danger in which Adrienne had been would cause him to remember that he has come on this trip with the avowed intent of winning her. I wondered if I have been a little——

When I saw the senator I fairly shook. He was almost frothing at the mouth with rage, and the hand with which he held his glasses (they had just come this morning, and he's seen Miss Siggins—much against the general's and Adrienne's wishes) trembled with his anger.

"Madam," he exclaimed, without waiting for formalities, "Madam——" and he choked. "Madam," (that made three times) "I've been grossly deceived." Then I knew that all was over, and I sank into a willow rocker. There's a sort of moral support in a willow rocker—at least there was in this. Yet I felt that I must say something. It was best, I could see, to be perfectly honest and open with him.

"I know it!" then said I. He snorted. I don't like snorts; but he had great provocation.

"And you sit there and admit that you've been a



S. J. Anthony.

CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

party to this?" he burst out, "You, whom I've come to feel is the one woman in all the world to me?"

I was startled. But I suppose after one's proposed to, at least, three others (and buried 'em) that the conventional words and time seem trite, and that one must break the deadly monotony.

"Why, senator, this is so sudden," I murmured, ignoring his opening remark. I hadn't been a party to anything except to adapt myself to the conditions (I told Isabella I wouldn't make a good chaperon, and she retorted that if I'd let the men alone I'd do well enough. Sisters are so brutally frank, at times!), and if he didn't know that Adrienne loved Randolph Cecil Sears before we came to the park, why, it was high time that he did, though I couldn't, for the life of me, imagine how he'd discovered it. "How'd you find out?" I asked, following the trend of my thoughts rather than logical sequence.

At that he led me, very gently for a man who had greeted me like a tornado, to a tete-a-tete.

"Which?" he then asked, not unnaturally. "That I loved you, or——"

"Oh, I meant about Adrienne and ——"

"Don't talk to me about Adrienne!" He got dreadfully excited again and I had to calm him by gently stroking his coat lapel. It calmed him. "Why, my



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dear Anabella—I may call you Anabella, mayn't I?—she's pulling the wool ov——”

“Don't you say another word!” I interrupted, sitting very erect. “Adrienne has confided in me to the uttermost, and I thoroughly uphold her sentiments. If she loves him, I for one——”

“And you've known, then, that—that—that——”



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

"If you mean that Adrienne loves Mr. Randolph Cecil Sears—" I began.

"Yes, I do mean him!" snarled the senator, quite forgetting my soothing. "And you mean to sit there and tell me to my face that you know he's here—here in this—"

"He was in the park, senator. Yes, I'll admit that I know that. But I don't know where he is now. What does it matter? You say that you find that you're mistaken in your feelings for my niece—"

"I hate to be made a fool of!" the senator choked like a baby with a penny whistle in his throat; but he let me put my hand on his. It calmed him. "And you tell me, on your honor," he broke out, after a moment, "that you don't know what I'm driving at?"

"No, I don't!" I answered impatiently, for I



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wanted him to leave Adrienne's love affairs and attend to his own. I was interested in his. Just then Adrienne came in, and seeing the senator, looked startled, and withdrew hastily.

"Well, let it go, then. Perhaps our trip was to show me that—it's you that I want, and not Adrienne. She's so cold, so distraught, when she's with me. You're vivacious, and always trying to make others happy. I'm building a big house in New York, and I'm thinking that a middle-aged—that is" (I knew then that I loathed him!), "you're pretty near my ideal." I drew away from him, but he went on: "As for the part played by Adrienne and Miss Siggins—" he choked again, "and the general—"

"You will please," interrupted that gentleman named, in a towering rage, as he entered the parlor and saw what he saw, "remove your arm from Mrs. Ellis' waist! She once did me the honor to say that she'd marry me, and I now claim that promise's redemption!"



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From Senator Rowley's Memorandum Book.

Rec'd glasses to-day. Wired Hale to meet me at
Livingston on the 9th. Three weeks wasted.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From the Diary of Mrs. Anabella Ellis.

The Canyon.



We are so idiotically happy—the general and I! Adrienne pretends that she's my chaperon, and is as full of joy as though it were her own engagement. I feared that she'd be lonely, after it was decided that it was best for Miss Siggins to go directly home; but she says that her daily letters from Randolph (he's begun to write to her) compensate her for anything.

We insisted that we all omit visiting the Canyon; but Miss Siggins resisted that idea strenuously. Said that so long as the senator was obliged to cut his trip short (he said that his party demands were imperative) that she should get along very nicely if they went together. She was weak from loss of blood; but the surgeon and the nurse were also on their way out—could anything have been more easily arranged? I couldn't have let her go alone, or, rather, alone with the senator; but as it is I'm in hope that their trip together may result in uniting them for life. It would be a very suitable arrangement, I think.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

I hadn't seen Miss Siggins, after the accident, until she was in the ambulance, which the government, at the general's telephone, sent from Fort Yellowstone. Poor girl, she was so pale. I gave her a letter to Isabella and begged her to stop off a day or two there and rest on her Eastern journey. The measles are over, and I know that Isabella would be glad to see her, for Adrienne's sake, if no other, as Adrienne took such a fancy to her and saved her life and everything. But she didn't stop. I've had a letter from Isabella saying that no one called. Isabella has given up the idea of meeting us here in the park. I for one, shall not miss Miss Siggins much. She was but an incident in our lives, and we'll probably not see her again. I really must ask the general more about her. I've been so occupied with looking after Adrienne that I haven't taken the time. I take life, usually, at its surface value and never look beneath. I do not believe that I'd even know Miss Siggins without her sunbonnet, as I never saw her except when she was wearing it. And as for evening gowns— I simply can't conceive her shoulders. They'd be impossible.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Extract from General Tenniel's Diary.

The Canyon.

And she is mine, mine! I dare not write of her, or I shall be more idiotic than I was when one-and-twenty.

After we sped our departing friends, we entered our own coach and were soon far from the scene of so much incident—the lake.

Ancient of Days (who had been retained during our duress) became radiant when Adrienne elected to ride on the seat with him, and grinned widely at her futile attempts to crack his long whip. The Yellowstone river, marvelously clear, ran beside the road, and the Tetons, seemingly near, but surprisingly far, were entrancing. And such satisfying, lung-filling air! We all breathed from our diaphragms, although Anabella was afraid to, for she said the sight of a feminine globe-trotter whose girth was near seventy inches, was too awful an example!

The Mud geyser, the last that we saw, between lake and canyon, made visible once more the demoniac, underground strife always going on in this wonderland. The two ebbing and spouting jets of boiling mud, spurting with incredible fury from side openings, some forty feet below the large, sticky rim of the geyser, were frightful and frightening. The loathing



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

inspired by the sight was accentuated by the awful stench and the clangorous sounds of hidden battle, immense and mournful.

Alum creek started Ancient of Days to story-telling. He declared that a lady had to wear child's shoes after she had inadvertently stepped in the stream; and that a pair of bronchos, drinking of the puckery fluid, shrank to Shetland ponies before the eyes of their driver! He did not say that he was that particular driver; but as he says that he was once a cowboy and handy with a gun, we swallowed the story as we would have the alum water if he had insisted, and grew smaller (in our own estimation) proportionately!

Then came Sulphur mountain, sparkling with yellow crystal, and when we had climbed and descended it we again came near the Yellowstone river which had gathered itself close and deep. Soon long shoots and swift rapids were seen. Then the river hurled headlong over the Upper Falls and soon went over the Lower Falls,—a total drop, from rapids to lower canyon, of more than 600 feet. O wonderful sight!

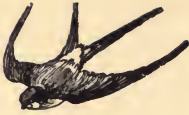


CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Extract from Mrs. Anabella Ellis' Diary.

The Canyon.

We have been so happy here. To-day we went to the ledge where one can get a good view of the lower falls. Far more beautiful than Niagara they are; although no such volume of water. But the somber setting of pines, cedars and tamaracks bordering the ravine, and the intenseness of the abyss enhance their dignity a thousandfold. The general showed us an eagle's nest, on an upspringing crag, hundreds of feet high, directly below Lookout Point. Young eagles were in it, we could see them with a field glass.



In our many walks, in the forest, by the roads, or on the high places, my dear general has taught me to look for the footsteps of the furtive folk of the forest, and we've seen the dainty imprint of the deer, and the larger one of the elk, while the flat pad of a grizzly led straight to the bear-*gourmat's* paradise—the dump. Once his claws had dug viciously into the dust of the highway. What had caused the unsheathing of those weapons? Adrienne got quite faint when she saw those tracks. It reminded her, all too vividly, of her terrible experience at the lake. And that makes me think that she had a letter from Miss Siggins to-day. She is home, she writes and nearly recovered. I, too, got a letter. It was from the senator, congratulating





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me; but he says that he'll never recover from the wound that his heart received. But the general seems to think he will. I'm sure I hope so. It would be dreadful for him to pine away and be buried by his three wives, just because he couldn't have me for his fourth.

I'm writing on the piazza and Adrienne has just interrupted me to say that she thinks the general is perfect in manner, physique and character. He is: but fancy that child having the intuition to discern it!

A buck, with horns still in the velvet, with gentle doe close beside, just crossed the grass in front of the hotel, not ten feet from us. Adrienne took a picture of them as they stopped to graze, unafraid. Yesterday a soft-eyed mother watched us curiously as we took her picture in the woods, her fawns nuzzling for dinner. I never noticed things like this before, and I'm afraid I have not seen as much of the park as the others. But my dear one has made me see all these things through the eyes of love. He says that he



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will teach me much that I have never known, and the longest lesson of all will be love—love! Oh, but he is a dear!

To return to the deer—not dear!—He says that once the least sound or move would cause the white tailed deer, in particular, to spring wildly for the North pole. The Indians believed, he says, that the deer said “Injun! Injun!” at every leap. Now the strict rules of the park make these charming creatures unafraid.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Extract from the Diary of General Tenniel.

The tremendous impressions one receives here at the Grand Canyon makes one feel their own insignificance. One feels as though they were in a world of giants bygone. Ruined castles are among these escarpments where they, no doubt, lived when the world was young. There are pinnacles, and needles, and sublimated turrets of stone, in endless profusion, and each has the eternal individuality given by the Great Maker.

To-day we saw the culmination of the wonders of the Yellowstone National Park. We have been to Inspiration Point. As we walked the three miles from the hotel, for we wanted to approach it gradually, we wondered if there could be more awe-inspiring scenes than the glimpses we had of the canyon. And then—we knew!

A narrow, shelving, shaley path connects safely with the outpost of rock called Inspiration Point, and that jagged cliff is nearly 2,000 feet above the Yellowstone river. It looks it!

Clasping dear Anabella's hand we went to the goal. No one spoke. Inspiration Point is surely one of God's thrones!

Anabella and I seemed to be cut off from the world, standing on this rock scarcely six feet across, and we looked out and over and through the transparent, trans-



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

lucent space,—into space filled and glowing with a luminous light reflected from this stupendous gorge. The Yellowstone river, silent after the thunder of its fall, slipped along, a narrow ribbon of blue-green, shot and flecked with white riffles, hundreds of fathoms below.

We were sorry that Adrienne could not be with us, but she had preferred that we two go for the first time, alone. She will come with us to-morrow.

The coloring of the canyon? the chromatic play of light? How can I presume to attempt description when the greatest word artists of the world have expressed their despair of making real this wonderful scene? Soft washes of the yellow of beeches in autumn sweep adown the steep slopes; reds of frost-tipped maples; dazzling whiteness of freshly fallen snow; chromes, umbers, blacks; delicate tints far and near, intensified by radiant sunshine,—all these changed with no inharmonious note into the shaded greens of maiden-hair ferns and mossy rocks, and they, in turn, brought the high lights above into the shadows of the river. Tracks zig-zagged down, down, down to the cool flood, showing where buck and doe and fawn go, sure-footed, to drink at morn and night. A bird flew fearlessly across the void, and tears came, I knew not why.

Our walk back was very silent.

CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

From the Diary of Mrs. Tenniel.

At Isabella's.

Three months. It doesn't seem that the general and I have been married three months! And to-day, at high noon, Adrienne and Randolph were married! Time works wonders, to be sure! To think that Isabella's search for Truth should lead her right where it made everything adjustable! Randolph Cecil Sears is now High Church! So, now, is Isabella. The effect of the cause is the marriage before mentioned (That reads well; but I'm not quite sure if it means anything, although I know what I mean). I'll not say a word, in this record of the most delightful of summer outings, of what Isabella said to Adrienne and me when we returned, as one might say, single-handed. At least Adrienne was. I had the general to show, and fortunately he took matters into his own hands and Isabella subsided. I sometimes wonder if. . . .but there, her husband isn't the same disposition at all that the general is, so there's no use in speculation. But I don't care for meek men, myself.

Ever since we came (yesterday) I've been puzzling my brains to think of whom Randolph reminds me. Although I never, to my knowledge, saw him before (excepting those two times in the park, and then, if I remember correctly, he was smooth shaven,—and







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one was when he was a long way off and the other after midnight on a moonless night), there's something about him that seems strangely familiar. Yet I can't place him. I'll ask the general when he comes in.

Oh, before I forget it, I want to set down that the general solemnly declares that he had nothing to do with that calf's nocturnal wanderings. That was fate, pure and simple. I should never have had so unjust a thought of my chivalrous husband.

I hear the general's step, and we'll close this little book, as we shall hereafter live, together.



CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

RETROSPECTION.

Anabella has just given me her record of our trip through the Yellowstone National Park. I have begged permission to add a few words, and when we are old we're going to open and read it together.

Thank God! I can, at last, say together forever. It has been a long wait. . . .

Through retrospective eyes our days in the park lose nothing. We recall the charm of the high plateaus, and shudder at the thought of Hell's Half Acre. The peace given by Hayden's Valley offsets the fear at Mud Geyser. The ducks are rearing their young, the beaver are felling trees, and the trout are leaping, flashing in the mountain streams even as they have always. Johnny Bear and his breed roam or hibernate in the forests, and the deer, elk and buffalo live in peace. The Morning Glory Pool shadows forth its lovely blue, and its reflection is in the nodding bluebell on its brink. The recollections, coming thick and fast, of the tact, the graciousness and the utter forgetfulness of self, as Anabelle tried to reconcile the conflicting elements in our party, while not in the least apprehending the real conditions, are the most delightful of all the delightful memories of the park.

"Our hard, stiff lines of life with her

"Are flowing curves of beauty."



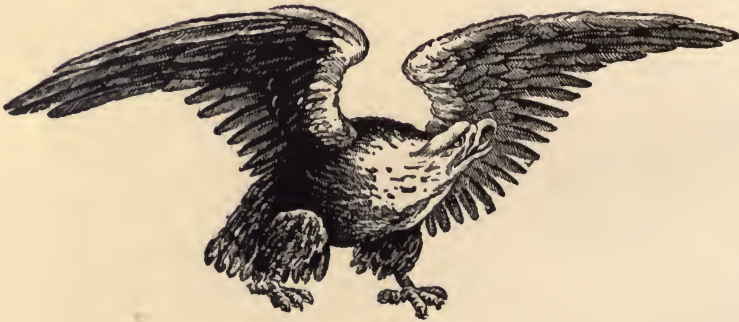
CHAPERONING ADRIENNE.

Small wonder that every man who ever knew her bowed at her feet! What a lucky dog I am! And over the common things of life love throws its glamor, while we remember the wild life in the woods, which was the reverse side of the geysers whose wrath-choked growl intimated what would happen if nature relaxed her grasp on things unseen.

Old Faithful plays eternally. The canyon flames with light and brilliancy. The rainbows span its abysmal sides as the morning sun glints on the rising mist, and the eagles scream from their eyrie unheard in the supreme, all-conquering and triumphant hosanna of the Falls of the Yellowstone.

"Just as of old the seasons come and go,
The spring with its blossoms and the winter with
its snow,"

and Wonderland remains, in memory and reality, ever changing and ever the same, as it was when my dear, little, unsuspecting Anabella was chaperoning Adrienne.



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